The COUNTRY-MAN *and his Wife* JOAN *in* MOURNING.

BEING AN

ELEGY,

On the much Lamented Death of Mr. JOHN TUCHIN, the Late Famous Author of the

OBSERVATOR.

Who Departed this Life, at his Lodgings in the Mint *in* Southwark; *on Tuesday the 23d of* September, 1707. *in the Forty-Seventh Year of his Age.*

WHAT Tongue can tell or Pen expreſs the Pain,
Poor *Roger* & his *Joan* do now Suſtain;
Grim *Death*, that Surly Meſſenger of Time,
Has put an End to *Tutchin's* Proſe & Rhime;
And knock'd him down, while he was in his Prime.
Old *Roger* with his Daughter *Jugg* & *Sue*,
Are ſtrangly Alter'd in their *Shape* & *Hue*;
And *Joan* who very ſeldom was quite Sober,
By Drinking with her *Maſter*, Stout *October*:
Looks now ſo *Pale*, 'twould make a Body think,
She's ready to Expire for want of Drink.
Ah! *Cruel Fate*, why did'ſt thou thus Oppreſs,
The *Obſervators* Friends to this Exceſs?
How will *High-Church* with all her *Tatking Train*,
Laugh & Rejoyce, while we Sigh & Complain;
How will the *Jacks* of various Sorts & Sizes,
Throw up their Caps, at theſe our ſtrange Surpriſes?
The very *Pope*, & *Tyrant King* of *France*;
Will Sing *Te Deum*, at this *Sad Miſchance*.
The King of *Spain*, or *Anjou*, which you Pleaſe,
With little *Perkin* too, will be at Eaſe.
The *Navy Heroes*, who were *Laſh'd* by Turns,
Makes us the very Objects of their Scorns.
De Foe in *Scotland*, (Pardon the Expreſſion)
Will ſoon Expoſe our *Maſters* frail *Tranſgreſſion*;
And tell us how, & when, his *Sad Condition*,
'Caus'd him to beg a *Gallows* by *Petition*:
And choſe to Dye a *Martyr* by croſs *Sentence*,
Then to be *Whipp'd* into a true *Repentance*.
He'll alſo ſhows us, (tho' it was not Common)
The *Miracles* he Wrought like Popiſh *Roman*;
Perform'd ſuch Wonders in a certain *Place*,
As never *Mortal* did in ſuch a *Caſe*:
A Stately *Ox*, of weighty Bulk & Size,
He pull'd through little Hole by his Device;
And what was *Stranger* yet, he daily *Raves*,
Againſt the reſt, for being Leſſer *Knaves*,
Theſe & a *Thouſand* other Stories tell us,
And what *Miſhap* is by his *Death* befell us.

High-Flying *Leſley* too, that *Spawn* of *Rome*,
Will Prophecy our *Sad Approaching Doom*;
And ſhow our *Tribe*, when ſuch a *Pillar Falls*,
How near Deſtruction is unto our *Walls*.
Death having done what *Law* & *Juſtice* miſt,
Nothing but Sorrow can with us, conſiſt.
Tutchin is gone, who can do leſs then *Fret*,
To think a *Minter* Dy'd, & *Paid* no *Debt*;
And yet it looks like *Contradiction* too,
Becauſe he paid to Nature all her due.
The *Country-man*, with *Joan* his *Wife* & *Daughter*,
Laments moſt *Sadly*, for the *Obſervator*:
In Words like theſe, as near as I can Gueſs,
Which they with Grief & Sorrow do Expreſs,
Alas! Alas! (ſay they) *What ſhall we do?*
Which way to turn us we do hardly know,
His Death has ſuch a dreadful terror given,
As makes our buſineſs lie at ſix and ſevens,
And ſince he's Dead as People Daily Chatter,
What end goes forwards, e'nt a farthing matter,
Let all our Cows miſs of their taking Bull
And French men ſeize on all our Corn and Wool
Let Wheat and Barly ſow and Reap it Self,
And Cheeſe for want of turning Rot on ſhelf,
Let Cats and Dogs deſtroy our Beef & Bacon,
And Let our Pidgeon Houſe be quite forſaken,
Let Pug and Sue, the Off-Spring of our Bodies,
Die Maids, and ſo lead Apes in Hell like Noddies.
Let all our Drink be ſower in the Barrells,
And Let our Love be turn'd to down right Quarels.

The *EPITAPH.*

HERE lye Bold TUTCHIN in his Silent Grave,
By ſome Call'd Honeſt, others Call'd a Knave;
But that all Readers may Enjoy their Eaſe,
He ſhall be even juſt what er're you Pleaſe
And as my Pen has yet been free from Satyr,
He Liv'd and Dy'd a Famous OBSERVATOR.

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